

DELL
A DELL COMIC

NO 293

52 pages

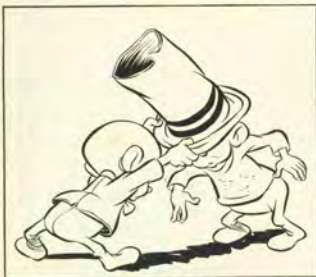
10¢

THE Brownies

ALL COMICS!



**WEB COMIC
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The Brownies on the Farm

The Brownies live on
Farmer Brown's farm
and have lots of fun...



Hey, fellows! Look, what we found! A whole jar of molasses!



Look what you've done! Why didn't you stand in line like the rest of us?





I'd better run! Those big
hens can be awful mean
when they're mad!



Ough! All those chicken
feathers are sticking to
me! Feathers **and**
molasses! What
a mess!



Cluck?
Cluck?

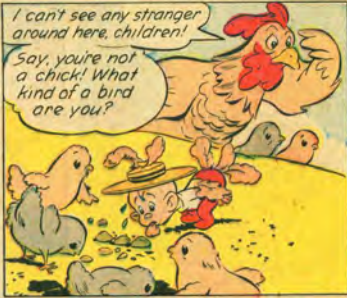


He ran
this way,
Mammy!



I can't see any stranger
around here, children!

Say, you're not
a chick! What
kind of a bird
are you?



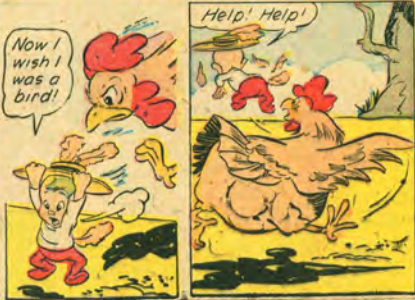
Now I
wish I
was a
bird!

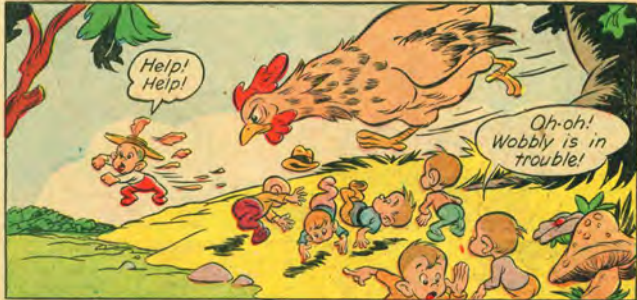


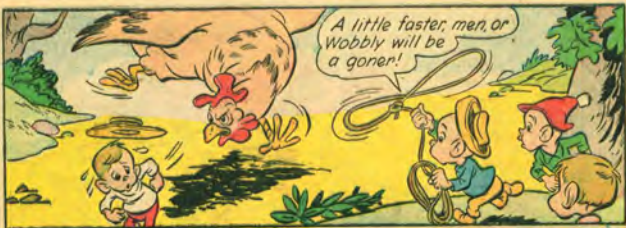
Oh-oh!

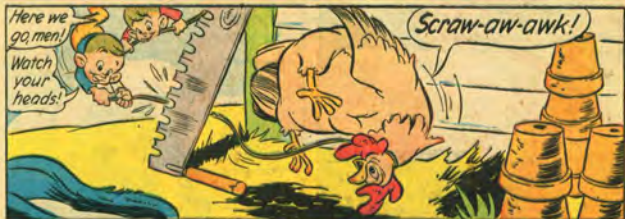
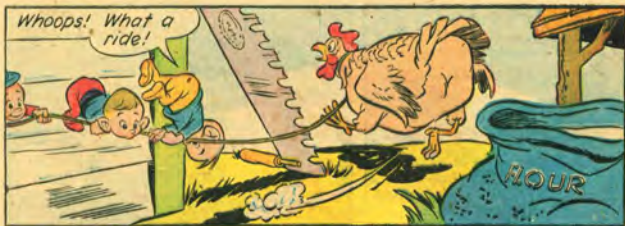


Help! Help!









I'm Wobbly, the fellah you all were rescuing from that feathered beast—remember?



Oh? And so you now want to tell us how we should have done it, huh?

Well, no, I mean—you know—



For two cents I'll knock those feathers off you—you—you, featherbed—I mean featherfed...

Feather-head.



Huh?

You meant featherhead.

Aw, come on! Let's all be friends and get washed up... And gee—thanks for the swell rescue.



We sure need cleaning up!

You said it! If we don't, they'll start calling us Whities, instead.

Ha, ha, ha! That's good! Come on, Whities, let's make us some Brownies.



Wha-wha-what happened?

Madam, you knocked yourself out with some flower pots! Farmer Brown won't like that!



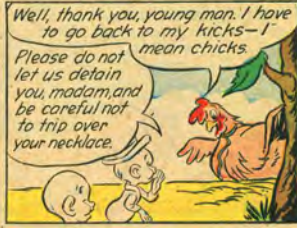
Oh, dear, oh dear! Now why did I do that? I'm such a featherbed—no, not featherbed—now what is the word—oh, dear!

Featherhead



That's right—cackle, cackle—how did you know?

Oh, us Brownies are smart.



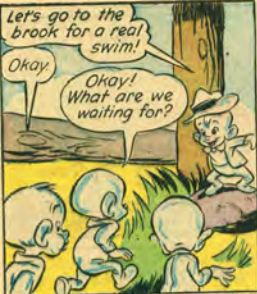
Well, thank you, young man. I have to go back to my kicks—I mean chicks.

Please do not let us detain you, madam, and be careful not to trip over your necklace.

Let's go to the brook for a real swim!

Okay.

Okay! What are we waiting for?



Last one in is a chicken!

Bah! Don't remind us of any more chickens!

Or beatherfeds, either!



Okay! Last one in is a roth egg!



SPLASH!



Seems that you are the egg, Egg Head! What's the idea of diving in with your clothes on?



Our clothes are just as dirty as we, aren't they?

You've got something there! Come on, fellows!



Yippee!



Hey, look, fellows!
We scared the
frogs!



And the
fish, too!



Boy! Those
critturs sure
are afraid of
us! We must
be tough!

We are the toughest, roughest,
rootin', tootin', shootin' Brownies!
That's what we are!

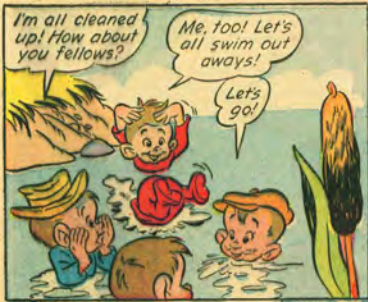


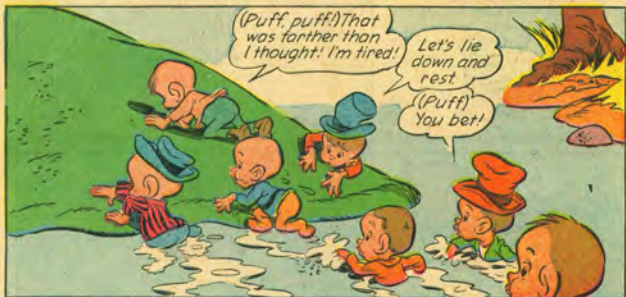
FTTTT!



Help! Help!
I'm being
attacked!

Ha, ha!
You sure are a
tough Brownie,
all right!







You sure had us scared, Mister Turtle!

Yes, but tell him we don't want to go for a ride.

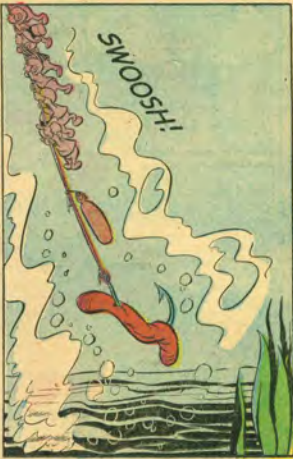
Can anybody here talk turtle?



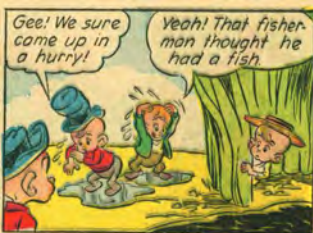
Hey, stop!



Grab onto this rope, boys!



SWOOSH!



Gee! We sure came up in a hurry!

Yeah! That fisherman thought he had a fish.

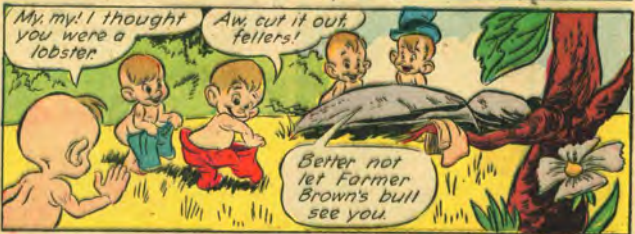


We can go over to that cove and dry out—ouch! Those thistles hurt!



Say, that's a swell sunburn you got. Itchy!

Don't be funny! You know these are my red flannels!



My, my! I thought you were a lobster.

Aw, cut it out, fellers!

Better not let Farmer Brown's bull see you.

Let's explore the woods while our clothes are drying.

Whee! That's fun!

Kroark!



Kroak?



Hey! I just saw our hats goin' down river on those frogs!

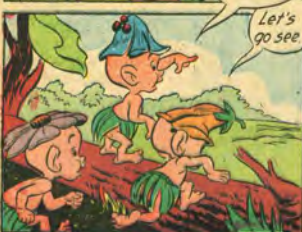


And our clothes!



And my lobster flannels—er—flannel sunburn—er—my thingamajigs!





Steady! Steady! All aboard! Plenty of room in the rear—er—I mean, on the top!



Oops!

Who did that?

It's the wind! We must be riding on a windmill! Wheel! Let 'er rip!



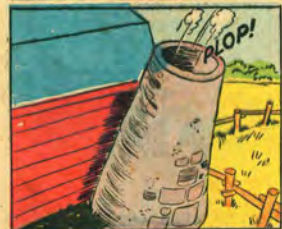
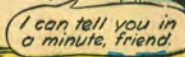
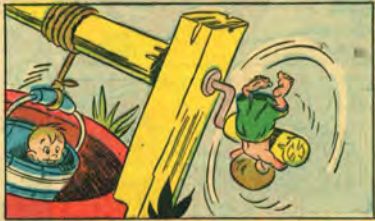
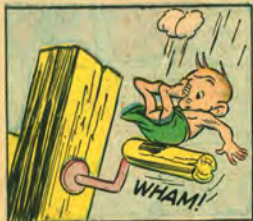
Eeeow! I'm slipping-slipping-slipped!

Ulp! Well, high 'n' dry, anyhow!



Oof! Ow! Eeek!







Travel light then, pal!... you're sittin' on my head!



That was great! How about another try at it?

Not me! I'm sleepy.



This hay tickles my ears. Think I'll mosey over to that basket in the corner.



A kitten! Fine, we'll have a cat nap together.



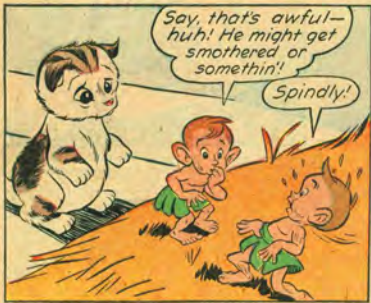
Oh-oh! Farmer Brown! And he's throwin' hay right on top of Spindly.

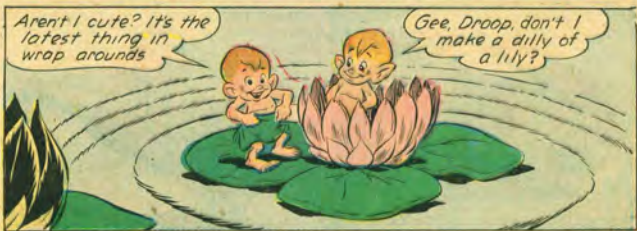
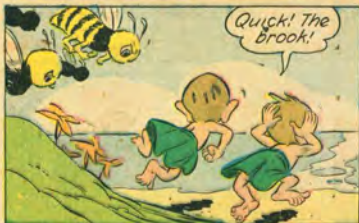
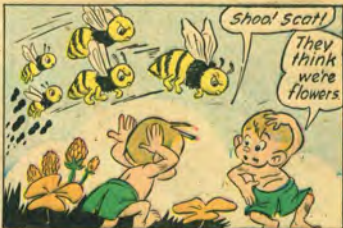
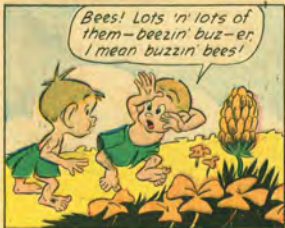


I gotta go dig Spindly out.



Hey! Spindly! Gosh-a-mighty... Lookin' fer him's worse than huntin' in a haystack fer a two-eyed needle!







Hurray! Here come the others!



Thanks, pal, the water's just too cold to swim in

Yup! Besides, I can't swim! Least, not less there are bees in back of me



Oops! We made it!

What are we going to do? We've got to get across, if we want to go home



How are we going to do it, Brainy?

Hmm, yes! How? A very questionable question!



Aha, the very thing!



First, I do this, thusly...



Now, if one of you gentlemen will be seated... Ah, thank you



Now I do this, thisly...

Ulp!



Whee!

Oops! Ouch! Forgot to let down my landing gear!



Wait, Brainy! If you spring me, who'll spring you? There's just us left!



Just so, Beetlenose, just so... a puzzling puzzle.



Perhaps Mister Mole will help us?



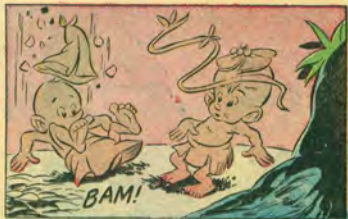
Mister Mole, sir! Oh, Mister Mole!

Say, Brainy, are you sure that is Mister Mole's place?



I never make mole hills out of anything but mole hills

Brainy! Careful! You'll fall!



We can't fall up the way we fell down... I guess we'll just have to try straight ahead. Wish we could see



D-did you hear something then?

Oops!



Not that I'd mind any mole ole-er-old mole-eek-look!



It's an eye! A big eye!



Eye, my eye! Brainy, that's sunshine! Good ole sunny sunshine!



Yippee! We're on top soil again!

Oh, dear, look! The cattails are on the other side of the brook. We can't spring across. Now what'll we do?



Do? Why, Brainy, we don't do anything! The mole tunnel went right under the brook!



We're here, on the other side. And look, there's the rest of our gang!



Hey, fellers, now that we found these two, let's go home. I'm hungry!

Me, too!



Bing, bong!
Clink clank!

What's that?



It's Bessie, men! We're in the pasture. Follow her home, but don't get too close! In these outfits we look too much like gay young blades of grass.



Mooooo!



Good ole Bessie, she recognizes me!



How do you know?
What does "Moo" mean, Bessie?

Moo!



See! It means "Moo" for one thing. Home, Bessie... She understands me—she does, she does!

Wonder what happened to Wobbly, n' Spindly, n' Egghead, n' Droopy, n' the rest. They've been gone for ages and ages.

They were goin' to get cleaned up in the swimmin' hole, last I saw of them

Reckon they were so full of molasses they got stuck somewhere

Hold up my eyebrows! What manner of creatures are these?

They aren't creatures, them's flowers.

Gee! They're pretty!

D-don't you know us, fellows?

I'm Wobbly

I'm-achoo! I miss my red flannels

Ho, ho, ho! You sure had us fooled!

He loves me! He loves me not!

Aw, cut it out, fellahs, and go dig up some extra clothes.

What'll it be? Ribbons and lace to dress up a nosegay of Brownies!





Hoppy sure was madder than—
madder than a—he sure was
mad! I shouldn't have
been so hasty.



'Cause where am I
going to
find an
orchestra?



Chirp—sniff—
sob—chirp...



Why, it's my friend Itznott!
(sniff—) What is the matter?
Ah, such a sad story!
you shouldn't have
to hear such
a sad story.



This'll cheer you,
Itznott! You're
just the ma-er-
insec-er, fellow
we Brownies
are looking
for.



We want you to play
happy music for our
party! Won't
that be
fun?

Fun! Hmmt! Some
fun there'll be for
me without my
Chirpalina!



Where is it? If you are
knowing and not telling,
you are no longer my
friend!



A Brownie wouldn't do anything mean: We want everyone to be happy and you know it. Shame on you, Itznott! Besides, what's a chirpalina?



It is on what I make my beautiful music, little one, like so...



A rare instrument of great value. It belonged to my ancestors. Someone has stolen it.



We shall find it, Itznott. We've got to! The party can't be a success without you.

And I can't be a success without it.



What am I hearing? Could it be? Such horrible noises, and yet I think...

Why, it's Classy Grasshopper's shack. Sounds like he's sawing wood. Let's go 'round back and see.



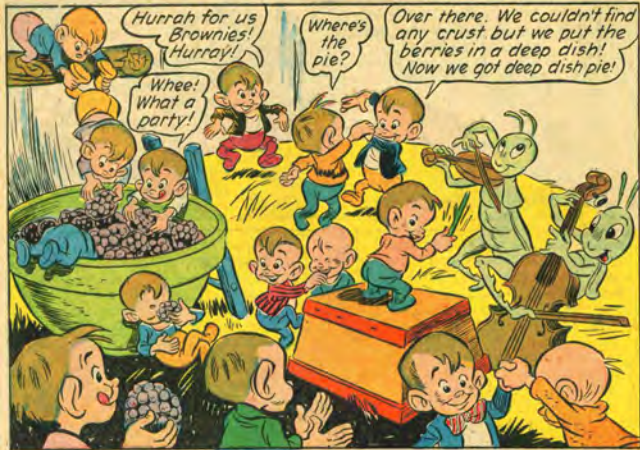
My chirpalina! you good-for-nothing—

Don't excite yourself, Itzy!

SCREAM SQUAWK

Now grab yer partners 'n' throw 'em 'round!





So, as you can see, the Brownies on Farmer Brown's farm are really having a wonderful time.

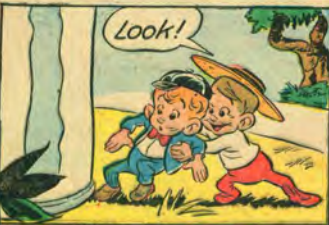


The Brownies and the Picnic

Someone must have lost this. It's awful rusty in spots

You sure are doing a good job, Good Good! It's getting nice and shiny.

They'll be happy when they find it prettied up. Don't you think, Wobble?





EEK! Make it go away!

That's just you, Scairdy. Good Good and me polished up this magic mirror and it makes everyone look funny.

Tee hee! Ho ho! Ha ha ha!



Say, Stuffy! I hear voices! Do you suppose its folks come a-looking for Good Good's magic mirror?

I wouldn't be surprised. 'Tis most likely a thing-a-majig of great value. Though, myself—I'd rather eat!



Yes, that's what they're after, all right. See, Stuffy, they've even got a basket along to put in, when they find it.



Shh, they've all gone out to look for the magic mirror.

Why don't we go and get it and put it in the basket for them!



They'll be surprised, all right, all right!

Maybe they'll let us borrow it back once in a while. I hope!

Right this way, fellahs.

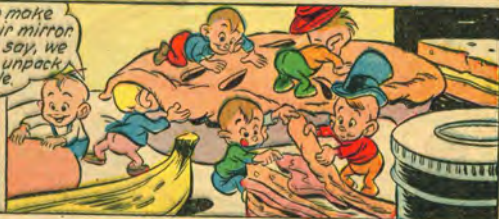
Yum! Something
smells deeeelicious!



Wh-why, it's full, and I
just happen to be
so empty!



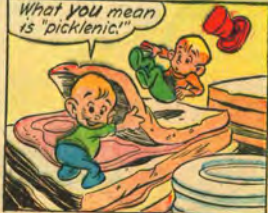
We've got to make
room for their mirror.
What do you say, we
just kinda unpack
it a little.



M-mmm! How I love pickles!
There's just nothing like a good
old "packsnack"—er, I mean
"nicpic."



What you mean
is "picklenic!"



Uh oh, fellahs, I think
this party's about
to get
crowded.





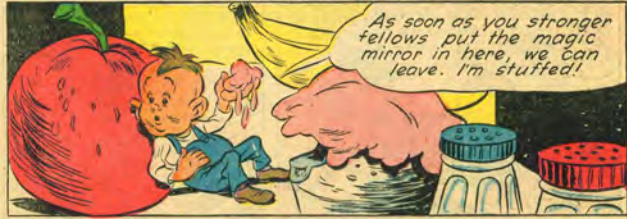
Go away!
Scat! We got
here first!



It won't go—
and there's
nothing we
can do...



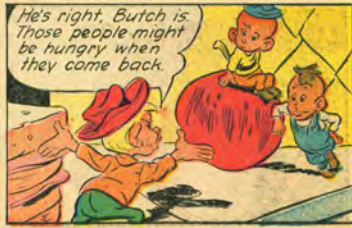
On account of it's also got
along its sisters, and its
brothers, and its cousins,
and its uncles, and its
aunts, and its aunts,
and ants!



As soon as you stronger
fellows put the magic
mirror in here, we can
leave. I'm stuffed!



"Leave?" And let—those—those
uninvited, ill-mannered pests
spoil the rest of this picnic?
Not me!



He's right. Butch is
Those people might
be hungry when
they come back.



It looks real good, it does!

Good enough to eat!
Can't remember when
I had my last
square meal!



Guess it's been a long
time, Stuffy, 'cause you
sure are getting rounder-
and rounder!

Here they
come!



Why, it's Farmer
Brown and his
family!

Wonder what they'll
give us for finding
their mirror...
I hope!

I sure am
hungry!



Everything will be
ready in a
jiffy!



Ohh! Oh, my! Our beautiful picnic!
It's ruined—
all spoiled!



What ails her?
Seems like we
left everything in
"apple pie" order. Without
the apple pie, that is...

Where did this old tin can
come from? Did you ever!!
And **something's** been
nibbling the food!



What does she mean—"something?"
We're Brownies, we are, and that's
not something—or—is it?
I mean...?



"Nibbling," did she say!!?
By my pearly teeth,
I ate, I did!



I declare! Pepper,
all over
everything!



A fine way to—
achoo—
treat us—
ha—
achoo!
Pepper!



Throwing us out!
That's going
too far!





The Brownies and the Caterpillars

At it again, they are—
duck, Mixer! That
was a fast one!

Those
caterpillars
are just plain
old silly!

Ouch! That's enough!
And too much!

Come on, Itchy!
This is one pillar
fight we're going
to stop!

Break it up, you
wiggly-willed
wieners!

Shh, Mixer! They'll just
start throwing pillars
at us! Besides, we can't stop
them from fussing...

They're too stupid to be
smart enough to be
sensible!

There's old Herman Erman, the
Caterpillar King of Fuzz. He
must know what all
the bickering's about.

Gurgle, gurgle-slurp-nup...
Ahem! You boys waiting to
converse with
My Lowness?



Yes, Herman, we want
to stop all this
pillar fighting!

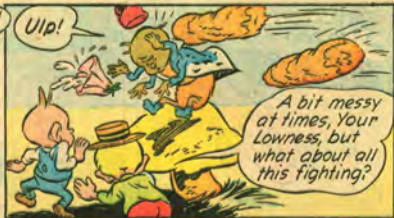


Er, you mean, "Yes,
Your Lowness!" That's
my rightful title...Gur-
gle-slurp! Remember
your manners, boys!

I do love to blow bubbles!
Undignified, though,
isn't it, boys?



Uip!



A bit messy
at times, Your
Lowness, but
what about all
this fighting?

What a waste! It was dew,
you know, and it just won't
dew again until night-fall!
What shall I do for a
drink of dew until
the dew-drops fall?



I'll get you
more dew-only
please let's
stop this
rumpus!

It's the mushrooms, you know,
boys. They just will fight over
them. They go off and then
come back and forget which
one they were resting under.
This goes on all the time.
I'm quite used to it.





It's the only way to stop them, Itchy!

All right! Let's go and get some paint, but I think it's a waste of time!



Good luck, boys! It won't do a bit of good, you know.



See you later, Your Lowness.

Yes, yes — and the dew, boys — don't forget the dew, you know.



We'll need brushes and paints, and something to mix the colors in...



There's Arty! He'll tell us where to find the stuff.



Hello, Arty! Paintin' another picture, huh? Oh — hello, fellahs! How do you like it?



Before I say, you gotta tell me what it is!



That's me! A self-portrait of myself and you couldn't tell! Ohhh! I'm so happy — sooo happy!!

He must mean slap-happy!

You're our man, all right, Arty! We want someone with your ability.



Farmer Brown's got lots of paint. We need something to put it in and what'll we do for brushes? Mine are too small.



Hurrah! Bottle tops! Just the thing to put the paint in!



And we can load them on this roller-skate! Some of the others can help us pull it.



These will make lovely brushes! They're soft as feathers!



Careful, now, fellows!



Just how is all this paint going to make the caterpillars stop fighting?



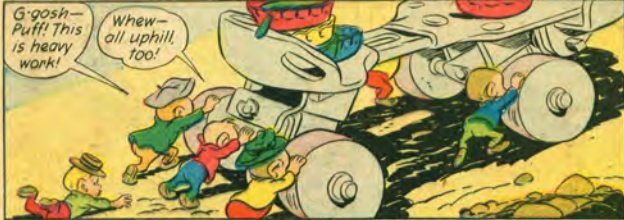
Maybe Arty is going to paint a big picture for them to laugh at!



They're so dumb—they'd probably know what it was.

G-gosh—
Puff! This
is heavy
work!

Whew—
all uphill,
too!



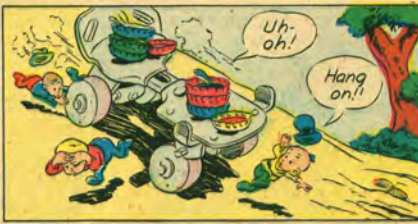
Hurrah!
The top!



Why don't we just let it
roll down? Then we wouldn't
have to work
any more

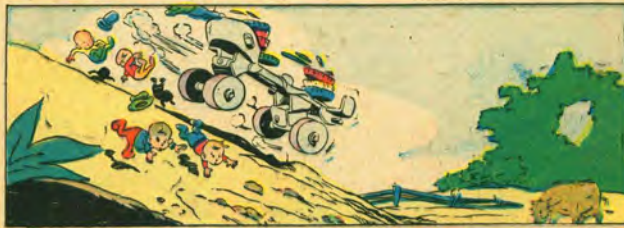


It's a very steep
hill. We'd better not!



Uh-
oh!

Hang
on!!



If only the one brave
Brownie who didn't let
go wasn't me!



One of us
has to get
out of the
way!



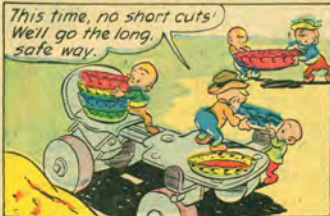
Gulp!



I never saw a painted cow
with coat of rainbow hue.
But unless I am mistaken now,
This big thing just said "MOO!"



This time, no short cuts!
We'll go the long,
safe way.



We're nearing the battlefield!
I just saw some flying pillars.



Quick!
Here are the
mushrooms!





Remember, you must make them all very pretty and each one must be different.



Well—anyhow—ours sure is different!



Do you think it will look like me?



Me, I like polka dots!

Yup, besides, this way's mass production—or maybe mess production!



Now each caterpillar will have his own special mushroom to sit under. Just like emberellas!

You mean *underbrellas*! What folks sit under!

Thanks for the dew,
boys Good for the nerves,
you know.

B-but, Your Lowness,
they're still fighting!



Told you they would
it's the mushrooms. But we
fixed them all different!
Each one can find his own
now!

Sure—and now one that's got
stripes wants dots, and one
that's got spots wants
splashes

I give up!
Let's go
home!



Yawn—
golly, I'm
sleepy...

Me too—all
that work for
those silly
creatures!

Yes, but it was
lots of fun painting,
and I guess everyone
can't be like us Brownies.
Some folks is just naturally
fuzzy—uh—I mean fussy!
Yawn—goodnight, fellahs!
Pleasant dreams...





THE BROWNIES ARE ALL PRESENT
AND 'COUNTED FOR,
ASLEEP FOR THE NIGHT — JUST
HEAR HOW THEY SNORE!
BUT WHAT'S THAT QUEER SOUND...
THAT KLUNKETY-KLUNK?
WHY, THAT MUST BE WOBBLE
WHO CAN'T FIND HIS BUNK!



HELL MUMBLE AND GRUMBLE
THEN LOOK FOR MOLASSES,
AND WAKE ALL THE BROWNIES
BEFORE THE NIGHT PASSES.
SO WE BETTER HUSTLE AWAY
FROM THE BARN,
AND, ANYWAY, THIS IS THE
END OF OUR YARN.